

JOHN LEDERER

The First Expedition from the head
of Pemaeoncock, alias York River
(due West) to the top of the
Apalataean Mountains

Upon the ninth of March, 1669, (with three Indians whose names were Magtakanh, Hopottoguoh and Naunnugh) I went out at the falls of Pemaeoncock, alias York-River in Virginia, from an Indian village called Shickehamany, and lay that night in the woods, encountering nothing remarkable, but a rattle-snake of an extraordinary length and thickness, for I judged it two yards and a half or better from head to tail, and as big about as a mans arm: by the distension of her belly. we believed her full with young; but having killed and opened her, found there a small squirrel whole; which caused in me a double wonder: first, how a reptile should catch so nimble a creature as a squirrel; and having caught it how he could swallow it entire. The Indians in resolving my doubts, plunged me into greater astonishment, when they told me that it was usual in these serpents, when they lie bask in the sun, to fetch down these squirrels from the top of the trees, by fixing their eyes upon them; the horrour of which strikes such an affrightment into the little beast, that he has no power to hinder himself from tumbling down into the jaws of his enemy, who takes in all his sustenance without chewing, his teeth serving him onely to offend withal. But I rather believe what I have heard from others, that these serpents climb the trees, and surprise their prey in the nest.

The next day falling into marshy grounds between the Pemaeoncock and the head of the River Matapeough, the heaviness of the way

The thirteenth, I reached the first spring of Pemaeoncock, having crossed the river four times that day, by reason of its many windings; where the water was so shallow, that it wet my horses patterns. Here a little under the surface of the earth, I found flat pieces of petrified matter, on one side solid stone, but on the other side isinglas, which I easily peeled off in flakes about four inches square: several of these pieces, with a transparent stone like crystal that cut glass, and a white marchasite that I purchased of the Indians, I presented to Sir William Berkley, Governoour of Virginia.

The fourteenth of March, from the top of an eminent hill, I first decried that Apalataean mountains, bearing due west to the place I stood upon: their distance from me was so great, that I could hardly discern whether they were mountains or clouds, until my Indian fellow travellers prostrating themselves in adoration, howled out after a barbaroas manner, Okee paeze i. e. God is nigh.

The fifteenth of March, not far from this hill, passing over the South branch of the Rappahanock river. I was almost swallowed in a quicksand. Great herds of red and fallow deer I daily saw feeding; and on the hill-sides, bears crashing mast like swine. Small leopards I have seen in the woods, but never any lions, though their skins are much worn by the Indians. The wolves in these parts are so ravenous, that I often in the night feared my horse would be devoured by them, they would gather up and howl so close around him, though tethr'd to the same tree at whose foot I myself and the Indians lay; but the fires which we made, I suppose, scared them from worrying us all. Beaver and otter I met with at every river that I passed; and the woods were full of grey foxes.

Thus I travelled all the sixteenth; and on the seventeenth of March I reached the Apalataei. The air here was very thick and chill: and the wa-

has no power to hinder himself from tumbling down into the jaws of his enemy, who takes in all his sustenance without chewing, his teeth serving him onely to offend withal. But I rather believe what I have heard from others, that these serpents climb the trees, and surprise their prey in the nest.

The next day falling into marshy grounds between the Pemaeoncsck and the head of the River Matape-neugh, the heaviness of the way obliged me to cross Pemaeoncock, where its North and South branch (called Ackmick) joyn in one. In the peninsula made by these two branches a great Indian king called Tottopot-tona was heretofore slain in battle, fighting for the Christians against the Mahocks and Nahyssans, from whence it retains his name to this day. Traveling thorow the woods, a doe seized by a wild cat crossed our way: the miserable creature being even spent and breathless with the burden and cruelty of her rider, who having fastened on her shoulder, left not sucking out her bloud until she sunk down under him: which one of the Indians perceiving, let fly a lucky arrow, which piercing him through the belly, made him quit his prey already slain, and turn with a terrible grimas at us; but his strength and spirits failing him, we escaped his revenge, which had certainly ensued, were not his wound mortal. This creature is something bigger than our English fox, of a reddish grey colour, and in figure every way agreeing with an ordinary cat; fierce, ravenous and cunning: for finding the ~~to~~ prey to swift for them, they watch upon branches of trees, and as they walk or feed under, jump down upon them. The fur of the wilde cat, though not very fine, is yet esteemed and pains, being worn next to the body: their flesh, though rank as a

dog, is eaten by the Indians, and often in the evening when my horse would be devoured by them, they would gather up and howl so close around him, though both'd to the same tree at whose foot I myself and the Indians lay; but the fires which we made, I suppose, scared them from worrying us all. Beaver and otter I met with at every river that I passed; and the woods were full of grey foxes.

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The eighteenth of March, after I had in vain assayed to ride up, I alighted, and left my herse with one of the Indians, whilst with the other two I climbed up the rocks, which were so incumbered with bushes and brambles, that the ascent proved very difficult: besides the first precipice was so steep, that if I lookt down I was immediately taken with a swimming in my head; though afterwards it was more easie. The height of this mountain was very extraordinary: for notwithstanding I set out with the first appearance of light, it was late in the evening before I gained the top, from whence the next morning I had a beautiful prospect of the Atlantick Ocean washing the Virginia shore; but to the ~~north~~ and west, my sight was suddenly bounded by mountains higher than that I

stood upon. Here did I wander in snow, for the most part, till the four and twentieth day of March, hoping to find some passage through the mountains, but the coldness of the air and earth together, seizing my hands and feet with numbness, put me to a ne plus ultra; and therefore having found my Indian at the foot of the mountain with my horse I returned back by the same way that I went.

On January 18, John E. Beale, son of C. C. Beale, of S~~t~~ty Fork, was graduated from Victorville, California, Army Flying School as a glider pilot and was advanced to the rank of Flight Officer, according to announcement from the flying school.

Young Beale graduated from Marlinton High School in 1938 and attended West Virginia University. He entered the Army Air Force July 29, 1942, and had already attended Tucumcari, New Mexico, and Fort Sumner, New Mexico, flying schools.

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CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, NOV. 23, 1950

Dr. Susan Alexander Price

Susan A. Price, M. D., elder daughter and fourth child of Rev. William T. Price and Anna L. Randolph Price was born January 5, 1873, near Harrisonburg, Virginia, and died November 15, 1950, at her home in Williamsburg, Virginia.

At the age of twelve years her parents moved to Marlins Bottom, West Virginia, (now Marlinton,) the ancestral home of her father, and where the family has resided since. There remain of her father's family two brothers and a sister: Dr. Norman R. Price, Calvin W. Price and Mrs. Anna V. Hunter, all of Marlinton.

Her early education consisted of home tutoring by her parents, (both classical scholars) and extensive reading. She also attended the old Female Seminary, in Lewisburg. Entering the Woman's Medical College of Baltimore, Maryland, in 1900, she completed the four year course of study and graduated M. D. in 1904, and was licensed to practice

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Her early education consisted of home tutoring by her parents, (both classical scholars) and extensive reading. She also attended the old Female Seminary, in Lewisburg. Entering the Woman's Medical College of Baltimore, Maryland, in 1900, she completed the four year course of study and graduated M. D. in 1904, and was licensed to practice medicine in 1905, following a year's internship in a hospital in Baltimore. For nearly thirty years Dr. Price served as hospital staff physician: first in the State Hospital at Weston, and later at the Eastern State Hospital in Williamsburg, Virginia. She was also a good musician and a talented writer; many of her articles appearing in The Pocahontas Times and other papers, magazines and journals. Dr. Price was never married. From childhood she was a professing, consistent, working Christian.

While residing in Williamsburg, Dr. Price became interested in and bought the old 18th century house known as the Dinwiddie Property, later exchanging it for the Griffith House, both of the Colonial Period of Williamsburg. Both houses were acquir-

While residing in Williamsburg, Dr. Price became interested in and bought the old 18th century house known as the Dinwiddie Property, later exchanging it for the Griffith House, both of the Colonial Period of Williamsburg. Both houses were acquired by the Reconstruction, financed by the Rockefellers and handsomely restored, and are among the show places of Williamsburg. Dr. Price retained a life interest. It is worth noting that of a number of persons retaining a life estate in restored historical buildings in Williamsburg, Dr. Susan Price at the time of her death was the sole survivor.

On Saturday afternoon the funeral service was held from her old home and home church by Rev. R. P. Melton. Her body was laid in the family plot in Mountain View Cemetery. She rests beside the grave of her father, who died in 1921, aged 90 years, and her mother, who died in 1924, aged 87 years.

The pall bearers were J. A. Sydenstricker, J. E. Buckley, Richard Currence, Frank P. McLaughlin, Richard McNeel, Charles Edward McElwee. The flower bearers were the ladies of the Anna L. Bible Class.



Calvin Price State Forest

By Maureen Crockett

Cal Price said "I am sinfully proud. Not often does a man receive his tombstone before he dies"

Bare tree branches showed above fall foliage, and ferns on the hillsides had gone tan from recent freezing nights. The temperature had dipped to 18 degrees as the jeep bounced along the rough road through the forest in southern Pocahontas County.

At nine thousand acres, Calvin Price State Forest is almost as large as its neighbor, Watoga State Park. Some vague maps, few trails, fewer roads, totally scenic, this forest is pure joy. The steep Allegheny Trail meanders through. My husband, Bill, and I could wander for days and see nobody.

Much of Watoga is wilderness and all of Cal Price is. In hunting season, we hikers avoid the area, but during the rest of the year there are miles of peaceful mountain beauty. Back home in my Kanawha Valley with its quarter million souls, I can remember Cal Price in my head, a bulwark against the bad times.

Lillie May Gaylor lives on Chicken House Road near Watoga. An elderly woman, she remembers the late Cal Price, owner of *The Pocahontas Times*. "Cal was an animal lover; he wrote about panthers and bears. (There are panthers around—they've passed through my farm and I've seen them.)" she said.

"Cal liked to hunt there when the place was a

added. "Cal was friendly and liked to tell jokes about animals. The forest was named for him because he loved nature so much."

Davey Jones, superintendent of both the park and the forest, drove Bill and me across Watoga to Cal Price. The road became bumpy but still passable, at least in his sturdy Jeep Cherokee. Wild grapevines were heavily laden. A fat cluster of grapes had fallen onto the road. There was a good mast crop and deer were not often visible; they were spread out in the woods, eating against the coming winter.

At an old farm area we got out to walk. The building had gone, but the meadow was perfect for wild turkeys that came hunting grasshoppers. Twisted apple trees grew here, rugged and gnarled. Wildlife people have placed tubes around the apple trees so rabbits don't eat the bark away.

Tom Dale and his staff maintain this long-gone farm area as open meadow for an animal feeding ground. They plant autumn olive because turkeys love their red

berries, and wildlife staff mows to keep the area grassy for the animals. "In climax forest, there's no browse," Jones reminded us.

Acorns lay all over, and we kept hearing them fall. Squirrels barked in the oak trees above our heads. Critters would go safely into the hard season.

"There are some roads in Cal Price marked on topo maps. Others are in people's heads," Jones added. The old logging roads looked like little more than cow paths. You have to know they are there, or you'd pass by without noticing.

"Logging is a large part of Pocahontas County economy. This area was cut 15 years ago," Jones noted as we drove through the forest. We passed beaver dams on our way to the Laurel Run inholding, over a rough road with dips and turns and holes.

The fish hatchery stocks Laurel Run with fingerling brown trout. "The next year, those fish were nine inches long," Jones said.

Campgrounds here charge four

steep hill. Driving again, we lurched and bounced along the logging roads. "These roads are really not suitable for driving. Also, you need a topo map and a compass," Jones warned us. As if we would ever have the nerve to drive here in our prissy Toyota. Later, I looked at a topo map. One forest area had the caption, "indefinite boundary."

That evening we visited with my high school chum, Reta Morrison Rose.

"Cal Price was an environmentalist when being an environmentalist wasn't cool," she told us as we ate dinner at the Watoga park restaurant. We learned that Price kept a stuffed wildcat in his newspaper office. People would take strange bugs to him for identification.

The next day Bill and I went up to Houston Simmons' home, Breezy Acres, high on a hill overlooking the Greenbrier River. I knew Houston could tell us Cal Price stories.

"I lived next to his printing office," Houston related as we sat in his living room. "Cal Price took me under his wing; he was a second dad to me. I would practice basketball with a little rubber ball. Sometimes it would knock down

Pocahontas County has few people and a lot of space. There is a different mindset from the New York City of my childhood, where an inch of ground can start teams of lawyers into hearty squabbles.

Jones' Cherokee splashed through a low creek and through a great rhododendron thicket. A turkey flapped its wings, crossing the road in front of us. Laurel Run Road divides Cal Price from Watoga. See a red blaze on a tree? That's national forest. If there's a yellow blaze, it's Cal Price. Watoga property is marked by a blue splash of paint.

We had been driving with the windows down through the fall afternoon. "There's no other odor like freshly fallen leaves," Jones said. Sun on the white pines added to the aroma. We forded streams and splashed through mudholes where we hit bottom hard. Sometimes I had to clutch Jeep parts to keep from lurching all over the front seat.

I wondered aloud if the forest ever got much action. "Most of the activity here is during Thanksgiving week." Otherwise the animals have the place mostly to themselves.

We turned right, up a hill and through another locked gate. Seven miles out along Spice Ridge we stopped for a short walk. We three crunched noisily uphill over dry leaves, kicking through piles of autumn color. Wind in the pines cooled us as we trudged up the

part of it hadn't been for him, I don't know what would have become of me. I ran the streets."

Houston's father was deaf and couldn't speak, and his mother had died when the boy was 12. Houston did what he liked because his father couldn't hear him entering or leaving the house.

"Once I sneaked a car out. I was too young to drive. Dad and Cal Price put a ladder across the street to stop me.

"Cal said there were three great Times—*The London Times*, *The New York Times*, and *The Pocahontas Times*.

"His place had three doors and they were never locked. On Sunday he'd go to church in his blue suit, same suit as on work days. He would go up the street trying to get people to go to Sunday school.

"He wrote panther stories even before Jim Comstock did. He was down to earth, a great naturalist, and was known all over the state." Houston recalls with satisfaction that the forest was named for Price while the man was still alive and could enjoy the recognition.

One day we rode around the forest with Jimmy Canada, a supervisor at Cal Price and Watoga. He and many of the park and forest employees know the area well. There may be few people in these mountains, but they are helpful and friendly to visiting city folk.

Eldridge McComb told us this land had no coal, and was timbered

We turned right, up a hill and through another locked gate. Seven miles out along Spice Ridge we stopped for a short walk. We three crunched noisily uphill over dry leaves, kicking through piles of autumn color. Wind in the pines cooled us as we trudged up the steep hill.

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Eldridge McComb told us this land had no coal, and was timbered in the early part of the century. "The state bought it cheap—50 cents an acre," he said.

The back roads Canada took us over in his truck were unforgettable. I may have lost some fillings in my teeth.

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on this trip, — all up around December."

Cal Price is just silence and beauty, though in hunting season there may be the sound of gunfire for a while. I looked around as the long, fall shadows fell across the forest road. This crisp, perfect day of glorious autumn color was ending.

So many shades of gold surrounded us. Even the air was golden. In deep shade, the place was still bright with bounce light from glowing tree leaves that reflected on deep, rocky grottos. How can a quiet dying day in a dying season assault me so hard with its loveliness? Maybe its transience is the key. Cal Price stays in the back of my mind.

Photographs by Ron Snow

Published in the December, 1995, issue of Wonderful West Virginia. Used by permission of the author, Maureen Crockett, who lived in Pocahontas County while her father worked with the Mill Point Federal Prison; she attended Hillsboro High School. Also by permission of Wonderful West Virginia, Nancy Clark, Editor. Wonderful West Virginia is published by the State of West Virginia Division of Natural Resources. The cost is \$12.00 per year for subscriptions until January 1, then \$15.00 per year, and may be ordered from the Division of Natural Resources, State Capitol, Charleston, West Virginia 25305.

Mr. McNeel seemed to be fond of athletics and in a contest his antagonist was badly injured. To avoid arrest and trial for murder he fled and followed the trend of the Alleghenies. A long while was spent in the wilderness without much food, causing suffering of the mind and the shape his body was in cannot be imagined by any of us. Finally going deeper and deeper into the Wilderness, he came at last in view of the Levels in 1765.

The place was covered mostly with trees surrounded by large mountains. This seemed like home to Mr. McNeel and he decided to settle here. He chose a place to build his cabin near the present home owned by Hon. M. J. McNeel. Traces of his cabin have been seen by many people yet living, between the gate and the public road and his residence. If this spot could be traced, it would be well to mark it with a piece of

this spot could be traced, it would be well to mark it with a piece of marble gotten close by to show that he was the first settler in Little Levels District.

Here Mr. McNeel prayed over his guilt and prayed with a broken heart, and hunted for food, subsisting mostly on venison and trout.

One day while hunting he met Charles and Edward Kennison from his old home, who had come here prospecting for a situation. From these men he learned that the man he had been boxing with was not killed and not even seriously hurt. This was indeed good news to him, because he felt free from all bloody stains.

Mr. McNeel shared his cabin with his friends and helped them clear a tract of land adjoining his tract. The three then set out for the lower valley of Virginia.

While visiting home John McNeel married Martha Davis who was born in Wales in 1740. Shortly after

with a sense of gratitude to God for his care, and after all to fall into such a wealthy place that he built a place for worship, the White Pole church.

In a few years the Dunmore war opened up. McNeel and the two Kennisons went into camp at Lewisburg and joined the expedition at Point Pleasant, October 10. 1774. They went across the Eastern mountain and enlisted in same company that went from Frederick county, served through the Revolution and then took up the peaceful trend of their lives where they had left off.

While Mr. McNeel was at Point Pleasant a child was born and died before his return. The mother with her own hands prepared the coffin and grave and buried it.

They reared five children, two sons and three daughters. Each of these children were married and reared large families.

Mr. McNeel was the first man to settle in Little Levels when only twenty years of age. Mr. McNeel

complications involving the liver and other vital organs. He has not been well since Christmas, but he had only been confined to his bed for a period of little more than three weeks. He was in the 60th year of his age, having been born January 27, 1871.

On Friday afternoon he was buried from the Marlinton Presbyterian Church, and laid to rest in the Mt. View Cemetery near the grave of his father, his mother and his little grand daughter. The service was conducted by his pastor, Rev. K. V. Bowen. The Minister read the lament of King David upon the death of his General, Abner; the poems, "Life", by Mr. Price; "Rest," by Mrs. Price, his mother; "Dear Lord and Father," by Whittier. The beauty and simplicity of the service was in keeping with the life of this truly great man.

An immense crowd of people from over the county and state gathered to pay tribute to their friend. Business in the town was suspended. The rich and the poor, the influential and the humble, the white and the colored, were present in such numbers that only a part could be crowded into the church.

The active pall bearers were John A. McLaughlin, S. N. Hench, F. R. Hill, P. T. Ward, A. H. McFerrin, J. M. Bear.

Honorary pall bearers were Judge S. H. Sharp, A. P. Edgar, J. E. Buckley, A. E. Cooper, T. S. McNeel, S. L. Brown, D. C. Adkison, J. Hunter McClintic, Charleston; S. Reid Moore Judge C. S. Dice, Lewisburg; Chas. S McWhorter, Lewisburg; Samuel Price Lewisburg; Hon. J. Alfred Taylor, Fayetteville; Hon. Geo. W. Sharp, Charleston; Clarence Dickson, Alderson; Edgar Dickson, Alderson; French Nickell, Ronceverte; G. D. McNeill, J. L. Baxter, Hubert Echols, Jennings Randolph, Elkins; A. D. Neill; G. C. Hamilton, Dr. F. T. M.

Price and W. Randolph, daughter of Henry W. Randolph, Richmond, Virginia. He was one of a family of six children—Five survive him: Dr. J. W. Price, M. D.; Dr. Susan A. Price, M. D.; Dr. N. R. Price, M. D.; Calvin W. Price, Editor, and Mrs. Frank R. Hunter, well known as an artist.

The Price family have lived at Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia for seven generations—175 years.

EARLY SCHOOLS—Public school until eleven years old. Tutored by father until fourteen years old. Received teacher's certificate at 14 years old.

MARRIED Grace Leigh Clark, daughter of Alvin Clark, February 10, 1897.

CHILDREN—Agnes Louise, wife of Rev. George J. Cleveland, Hinton W. Va. Margaret Randolph, wife of Dr. R. L. Hoke, Moorehead, Ky.

RELIGION—Presbyterian.

POLITICS—Democrat.

Nominee for Congress, West Virginia District, in 1908.

Nominee for Judge of Supreme Court of appeals in 1928.

Postmaster of Marlinton from 1913 to 1922.

Mayor of Marlinton in 1901.

President Board of Education, Edray District, 1907.

PROFESSION—Taught school in Pocahontas for three terms. Graduate in law from West Virginia University with degree of L. L. B., in 1892.

NEWSPAPER EXPERIENCE—Editor of Pocahontas Times from 1892 to 1906. Contributing editor ever since.

OTHER WORK—Farming, practical printer, surveying.

PUBLICATIONS—Book—“West Virginia Anthology”. Book—“Plain Trails”. Book of Poems—“Dreams”, “Trails”. Booklet—“The Grave Creek Mound” and other pamphlets.

President of the West Virginia His

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The flower bearers were Mrs. A. P. Edgar, Mrs. Fred W. Gray, Mrs. Simon Schuchat, Mrs. E. C. Smith, Mrs. H. G. Thomas, Mrs. S. W. Pollock, Mrs. Wise Herold, Mrs. J. A. McLaughlin, Mrs. J. A. Sydenstricker Mrs. J. M. Bear, Mrs. Sherman Moore.

King, Mrs. E. G. Herold, Mrs. Z. S. Smith, Sr., Mrs. S. H. Sharp, Mrs. J. A. Hoover, Mrs. P. T. Ward, Mrs. M. L. Coyner, Mrs. L. T. Coyner.

The Presbyterian Ministers present were Revs. K. V. Bowen, F. W. Gray D. D., Marlinton; J. P. Proffitt, Maxwellton; D. McD. Monroe, Greenbank; O. N. Miles, Cloverlick; M. R. Atkinson, Hillsboro; H. H. Orr, Richwood; Lloyd Courtney, Lewisburg; R. L. Allen, Lewisburg.

Andrew Price was the son of Rev. Wm. T. Price, D. D. and Anna Randolph Price. His brothers are Dr. J. W. Price, Dr. N. R. Price, Calvin W. Price; his sisters, Dr. Susan A. Price and Mrs. R. R. Hunter.

February 10, 1897, he married Miss Grace Leigh Clark, daughter of Mr. Alvin Clark and Mrs. Agnes Beard Clark, of the Levels. Mrs. Price survives with their two children, Agnes Louise, the wife of Rev. George J. Cleaveland of Hinton; Margaret Randolph, the wife of Dr. R. L. Hoke of Moorefield, Kentucky.

In religion he was a life long member of the church of his fathers, the Presbyterian. He was a Deacon in the Marlinton Church.

Thus is noted the passing of the passing of the leading citizen of Pocahontas.

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PUBLICATIONS—Book—“West Virginia Anthology”, Book—“Plain Trails”, Book of Poems—“Dreams”, Booklet—“The Grave Creek Mound” and other pamphlets.

President of the West Virginia Historical Society four consecutive terms to present time.

Member of West Virginia Academy of Science.

Member of American Academy for the Advancement of Science.

President of Pocahontas County Bar Association.

Had paid a good deal of attention to archeology, botany, geology, paleontology, zoology, lepidopterology and history.

OCCUPATION—Practising law. Had a long experience in connection with country banks.

In religion he was a life long member of the Presbyterian Church of his fathers, the Marlinton Church.

In the passing of Andrew Price, another great man is gathered to his fathers and we reverently bow our heads in humble submission to the will of the Great All-Father and pause to drop a sympathetic tear with the bereaved family. Theirs is the greatest loss of a kind and loving husband, father and home.

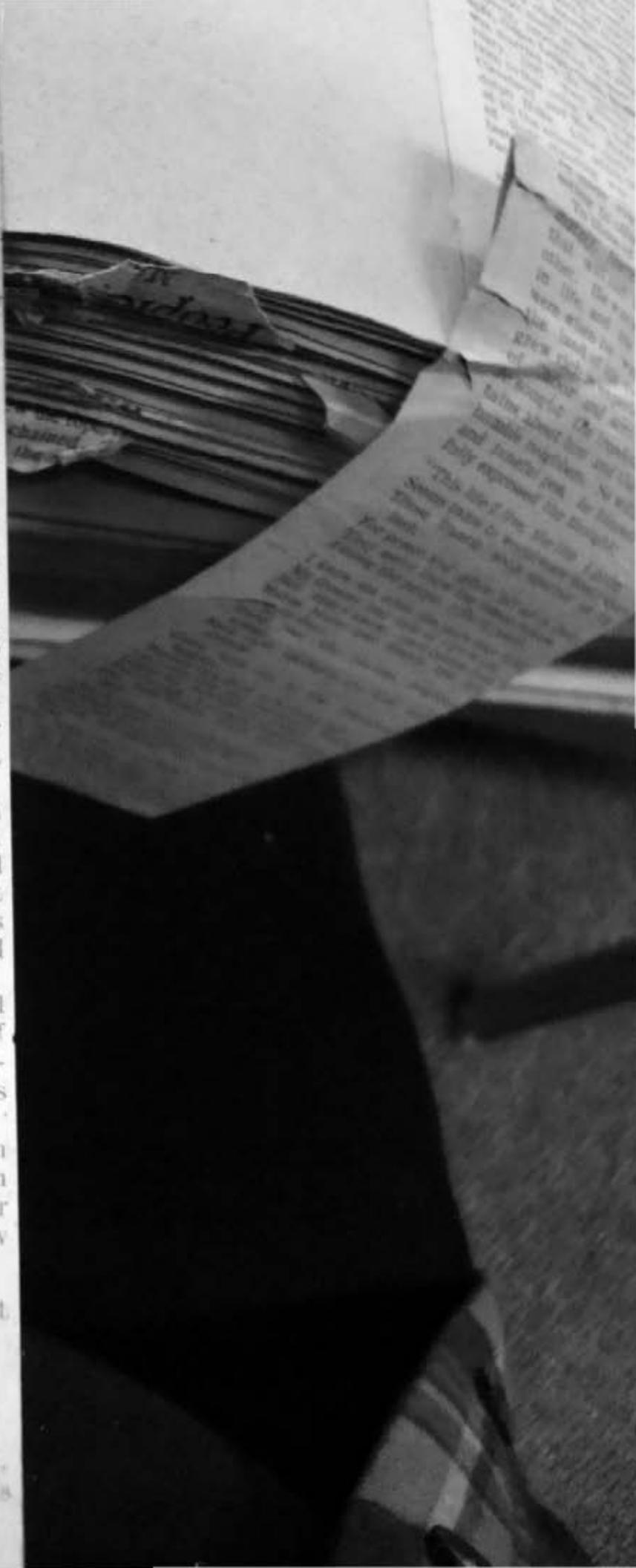
His professional colleagues will remember him as a great lawyer. To his scientific brethren, he was the practical geologist. To thousands, he was the learned historian and clever writer; but to those of us who were his fellow townsmen and those who knew him best, these great attainments are overshadowed and our fondest memory of him is that of a gracious friend.

The greatest tribute the world can pay is to say that children loved him. Many a weary student has followed the path to his door that they might glean from his wide experience gems of philosophy, practical fact and kindly advice.

Many children have been delighted as he opened to them the book of nature and read the story of antiquity from the graven stone. He was their friend.

His race is run; his course is finished. He has made his contribution to posterity. The world is richer for his having lived. I am glad I knew him. He was my friend.

"He is not dead, this friend—not dead,
But in the path we mortals tread
Got some few trifling steps ahead
And nearer to the end;
So that you, too, once past the bend,
Shall meet again, as face to face, this friend
You fancy dead."



THE POCOHONTAS TIMES

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CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1930

Andrew Price of Pocahontas County

A Memorial Prepared by Judge George W. McClintic for the State Bar Association.

When a memorial of one who has gone to that undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveler returns is written, it is always necessary to give those cold date items of birth and death. Andrew Price was born at Mount Clinton, Rockingham county, Virginia, on the 28th day of January, 1871. His father was the Reverend William Thomas Price, D. D., a distinguished minister of the Southern Presbyterian Church, and his mother was Anna Louise (Randolph) Price, a facile writer of poetry and prose, also a lineal descendant of Indian Princess Pocahontas. Andrew Price was descended from ancestors of great intellectual strength, and this was shown by the public history of the Price and Randolph families, all well educated, all gifted speakers and writers, all eminent in their various vocations and professions, and leaving striking impress upon the history of their respective communities.

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Andrew Price was one of six children, three of whom (including one sister), became doctors of medicine; one succeeded him as editor of the newspaper widely known as The Pocahontas Times, and the younger sister, one of the charming and interesting matrons of Pocahontas county. A minister giving his devoted life to country congregations had not the means to give six children college educations, and Andrew often told the writer that The Pocahontas Times educated the Price family.

At the early age of fifteen years, Andrew Price became a country school teacher, a lawyer at the age of twenty one, having graduated with the degree L. L. B. from the University of West Virginia in June, 1892. He, with the intensity, devotion and concentration of a real lawyer, immediately applied himself to the practice of his profession. In the conduct of a lawsuit he was a dangerous adversary. His mind was always very resourceful and seldom followed the beaten track. His intellect was always at work. His one failing lay in divided devotion. If he had been a lawyer alone, few would have equalled him. If he had devoted himself to journalism alone,

practice of his profession. In the conduct of a lawsuit he was a dangerous adversary. His mind was always very resourceful and seldom followed the beaten track. His intellect was always at work. His one failing lay in divided devotion. If he had been a lawyer alone, few would have equalled him. If he had devoted himself to journalism alone, likewise few would have equalled him. He was a practical printer, a Mergenthaler typesetting machine operator, a land surveyor, a lawyer, always a newspaper contributor, a fisherman of renown, a profound student of the local history of the Virginias, a student with real thoroughness of geology, botany, zoology, and of so many other subjects, one cannot recall them all. Fate gave him a lovely, intellectual woman for a wife, Grace Leigh Clark, ~~so when she~~ was married on the 10th day of February, 1897. Two daughters were born to this union, Mrs. Agnes Louise Cleveland and Mrs. Margaret Randolph Hoke. Like their ancestors, at all the schools which they attended their standing was always the best. The intellectuality of a strong race had descended.

He kept the faith in the religion and polities of his fathers. He was ~~once a~~ a nominee of the democratic ~~and~~ made everything in nature interesting to others.

To those of us who knew him intimately, there is a loneliness, a place that will not be filled. There is no other. He was satisfied with

book, the bill for which had not been received at the time of his demise and this amount was only eight dollars. A record, no doubt.

Andrew Price had the supreme merit of being always interesting, never dull or wearisome. Everything in nature interested him, and he made everything in nature interesting to others.

To those of us who knew him intimately, there is a loneliness, a peace that will not be filled. There is no other. He was satisfied with his lot in life, and his happiest moments were when he was among his own in the land of his fathers. As his life grew rich in experience and the years of "labor and sorrow" approached, he sought the freedom of the mountains about him and the touch of his humble neighbors. So with his ready and tuneful pen, he himself beautifully expressed the thought:

"This life I live, the life I prize
Seems tame to world-worn weary eyes
Those frantic souls spurred on by
lust,

For power and place 'till all is dust;
They never know the sweet release
Among the purple hills of peace.

I know not what the years may hold,
My dreams may fade as I grow old,
But this I know, each golden year,
Makes home and friends and life
more dear;

Each year the heavens brighter
gleam

Each year enchanting the field and
stream.

Come with me to the mountain
height,

Bathed in a flood of morning light,
On every side the mountains stand,
Inspiring, indomitable, grand;
Yet through an all-wise Thesmoothete,
The wild flowers bloom about our
feet.

I know I gaze with raptured eye,
On scenes that once I idled by;
I envy not the potentate,
The rich, the mighty, my mountains
free,
Have been and are enough for me."

So the eye grew dim, the body
weary, the stride shortened, his great
heart ceased to beat, and we laid him



The stones in this monument to the late Andrew Price were collected by him from various parts of the state, fossil collecting having been the hobby of the former lawyer, editor, author, geologist.

COURTESY OF CHARLESTON GAZETTE

STONE MONUMENT

(Mrs. Billie Richardson Charleston Gazette.)

A memorial of unique and striking design has been erected one mile north of Marlinton on a beautifully wooded hillside, on the road to the fair grounds within sight of the Seneca trail, to the memory of the late Andrew Price, lawyer, editor, author, geologist and president of the West Virginia Historical Society.

The memorial is built of stones which Mr. Price had collected from the various geological formations in all parts of the state. On close examination of the rocks in the monument, you will find that each one is literally filled with the organisms themselves and imprints of former living organism. It is unique and beautiful in its rugged appearance. It is doubtful if there is anything like it in the country.

The monument at its base is 10 feet square, the second tier is five feet square, while the top segment is three feet square and extends about four feet above the top of the second tier. It is located about 50 feet above the road, but a well graded, winding trail with native stone steps leads to it. Buried in the monument is Mr. Price's hammer that he carried with him on his collecting trips. Also a small sealed bottle containing certain historical information. The State Road Commission contemplates placing two small signs to mark its location from the Seneca trail.

During his life time Mr. Price amassed quite a large collection of fossils. His woodshed which he converted into a "museum" was literally filled at the time of his death. He was the first person to locate the trilobites in the Hesterside

West Virginia Academy of Science.

His collection consisted of brachiopods, pelecypods, gastropods, corals, crinoids, blastoids, trilobites, sea weed and numerous other specimens. The collection of fossils was Andrew Price's hobby. And the subject was his favorite one; he was a fine conversationalist.

Mr. Paul Price, (although of the same name, no relation) assistant geologist on the West Virginia Survey and instructor in the department of geology at the university was a close friend of Mr. Andrew Price and on a visit there, Mr. and Mrs. Price presented him with two lots on which to build a cottage. Now Mr. Paul Price, who was instrumental in the erection of the monument, has given these lots for the erection of the monument and contemplates deeding the grounds to the Sons of the American Revolution of which Mr. Andrew Price was a member. Assisting him in this tribute to Mr. Andrew Price, were Edward Moore and George J. Cleveland; the latter a son-in-law of Mr. Andrew Price, all of Marlinton and Charles Furbee, of Morgantown.

Mrs. Andrew Price left the disposal of her husband's fossil collection in the hands of Paul Price, so he selected the better specimens for the geological museum at the university. Room is being made to put them on display.

Mr. Price was born January 28, 1871, attended public schools, L. L. B. college of law, West Virginia University 1892, attorney at law from 1892; served as postmaster at Marlinton, was a student of history, author of West Virginia anthropology, "Western Waters and Dreams," a book of poems. He was editor of the Pocahontas Times, a democrat, Presbyterian, Kiwanian, member of the Sons of the Revolution, Academy of

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